

ZANE GREY'S

KING

of the ROYAL MOUNTED

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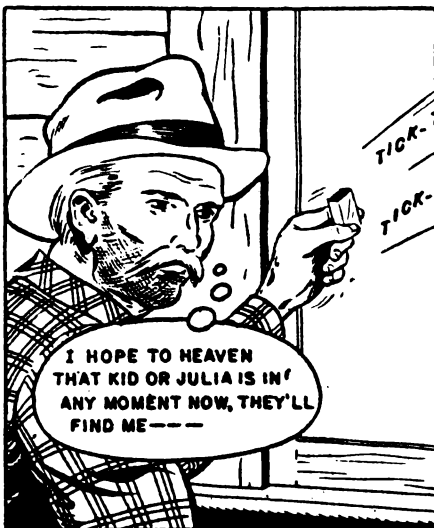
in THE DEADLY CANYON

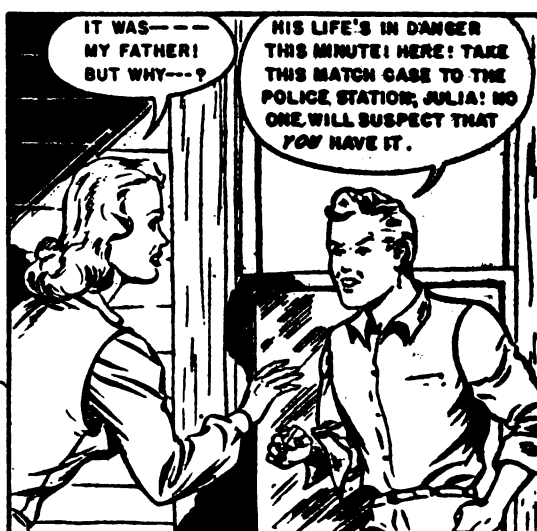


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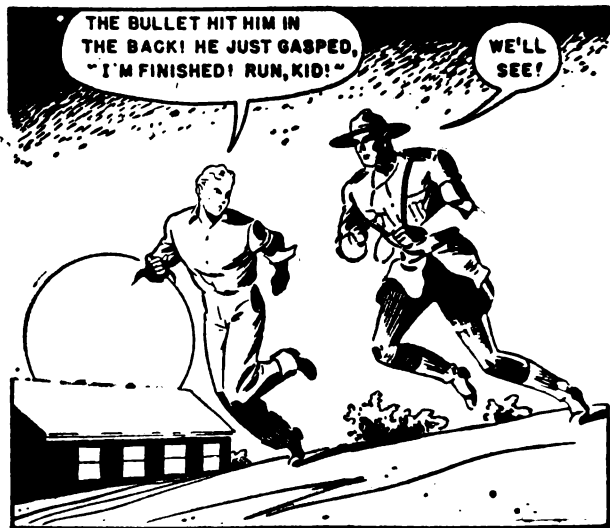


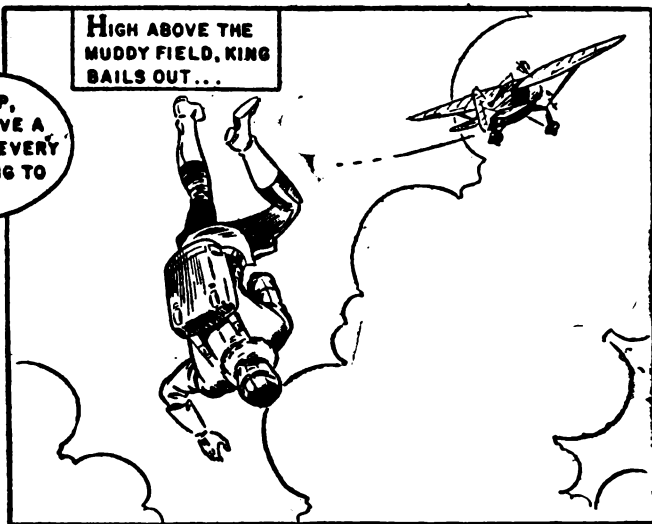
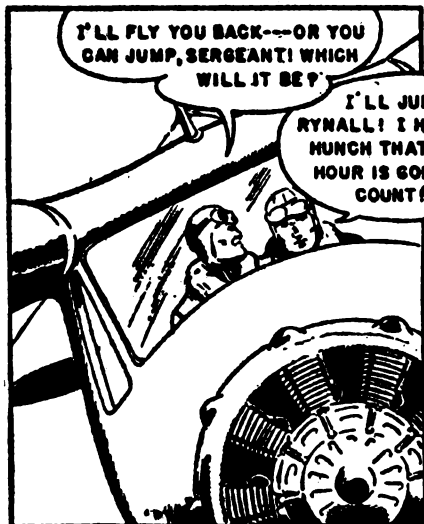
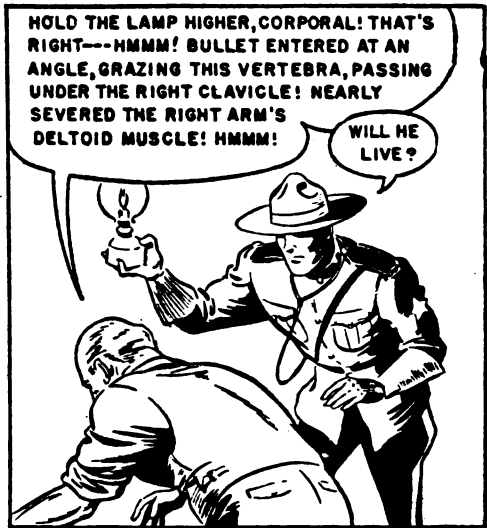
AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN FAR-OFF HUDSON HEIGHT, RUPERT CRANDALL LIMPS INTO A MUDDY ALLEY BEHIND THE ONE HOTEL...

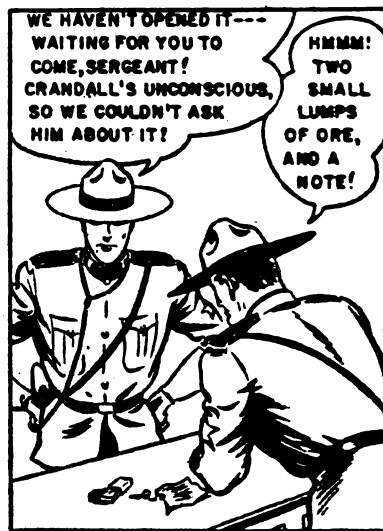
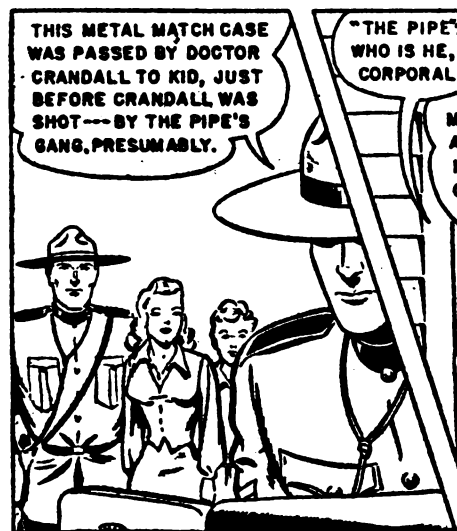
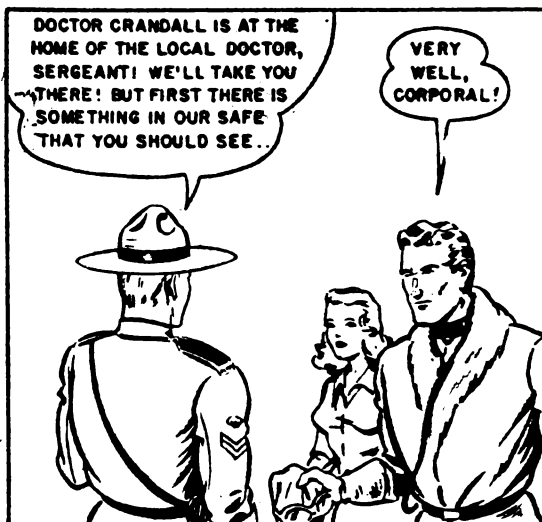
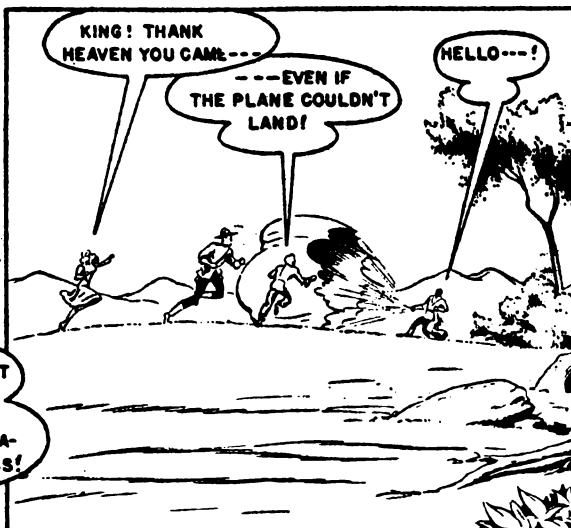
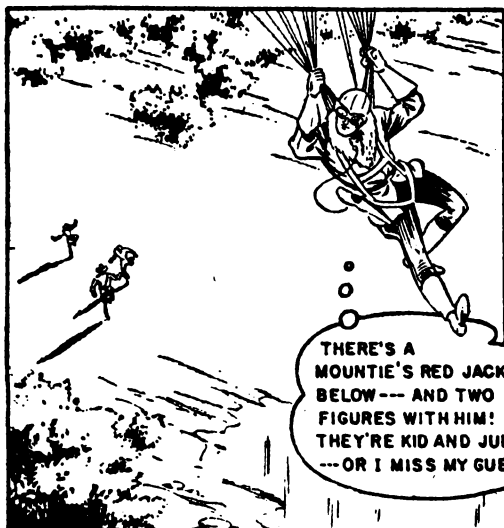






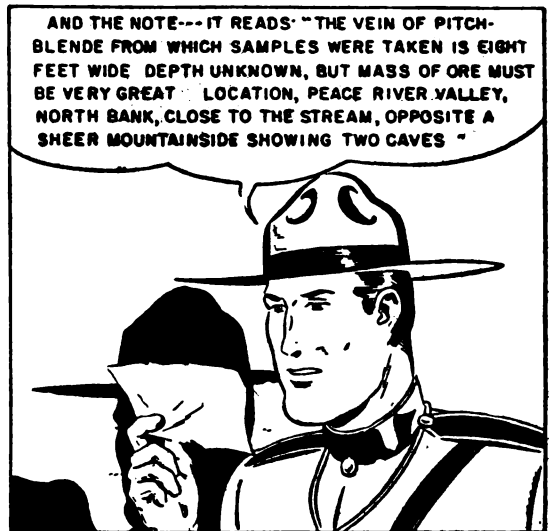




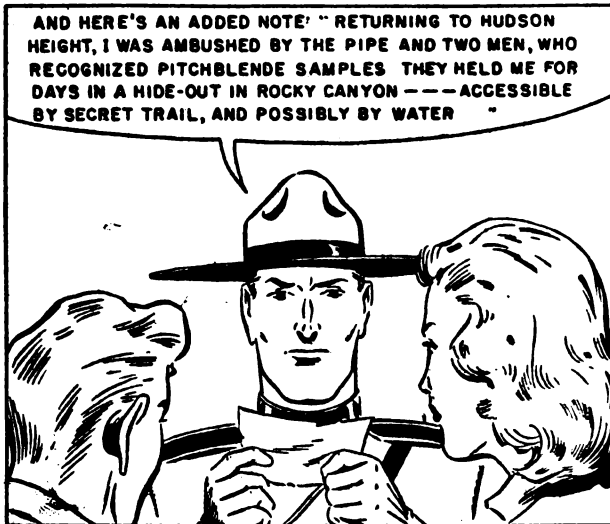




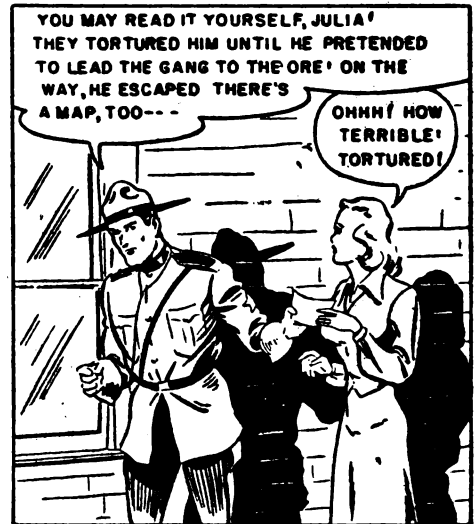
PITCHBLLENDE! THE ORE FROM WHICH COME RADIUM AND URANIUM! IT COULD BE A LOT MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD!



AND THE NOTE---IT READS--"THE VEIN OF PITCH-BLENDE FROM WHICH SAMPLES WERE TAKEN IS EIGHT FEET WIDE DEPTH UNKNOWN, BUT MASS OF ORE MUST BE VERY GREAT. LOCATION, PEACE RIVER VALLEY, NORTH BANK, CLOSE TO THE STREAM, OPPOSITE A SHEER MOUNTAIN SIDE SHOWING TWO CAVES"

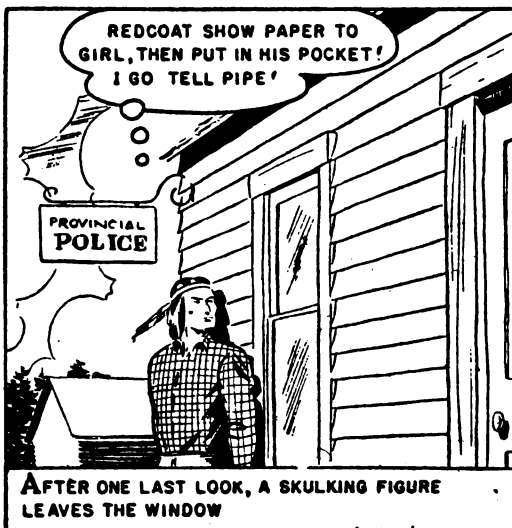


AND HERE'S AN ADDED NOTE! "RETURNING TO HUDSON HEIGHT, I WAS AMBUSHED BY THE PIPE AND TWO MEN, WHO RECOGNIZED PITCHBLENDE SAMPLES THEY HELD ME FOR DAYS IN A HIDE-OUT IN ROCKY CANYON ---ACCESSIBLE BY SECRET TRAIL, AND POSSIBLY BY WATER"



YOU MAY READ IT YOURSELF, JULIA! THEY TORTURED HIM UNTIL HE PRETENDED TO LEAD THE GANG TO THE ORE! ON THE WAY, HE ESCAPED THERE'S A MAP, TOO---

OH!! HOW TERRIBLE! TORTURED!

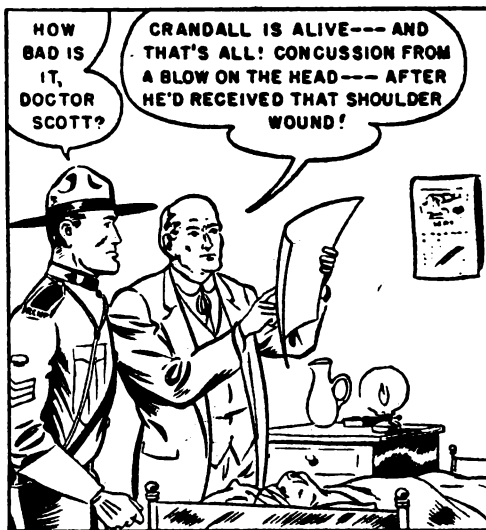
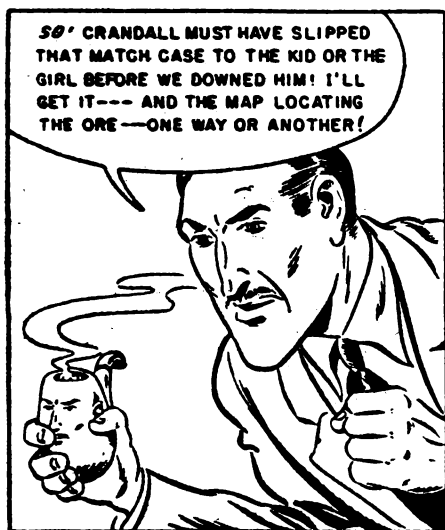
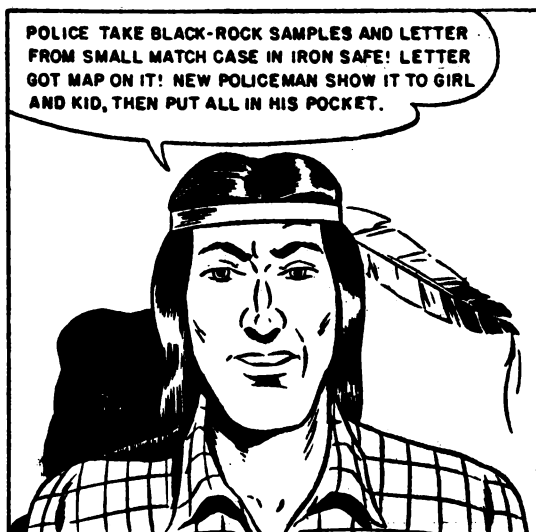


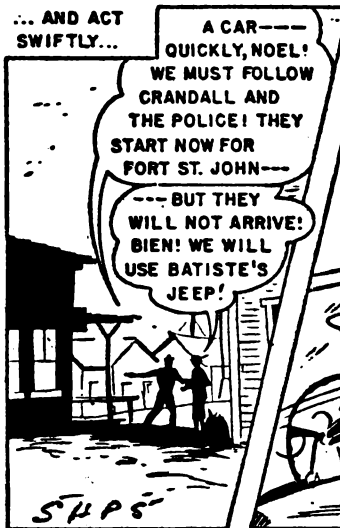
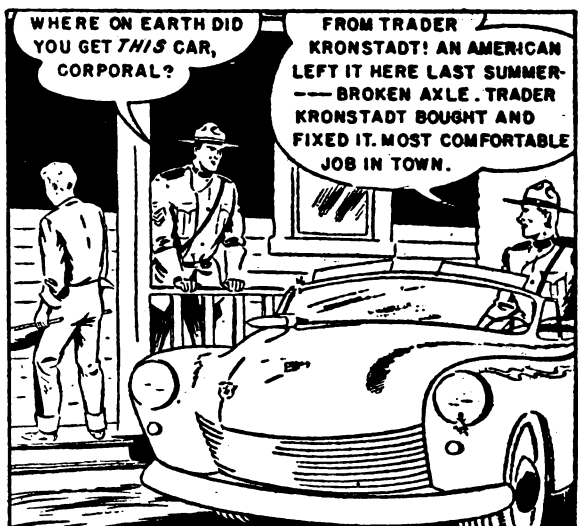
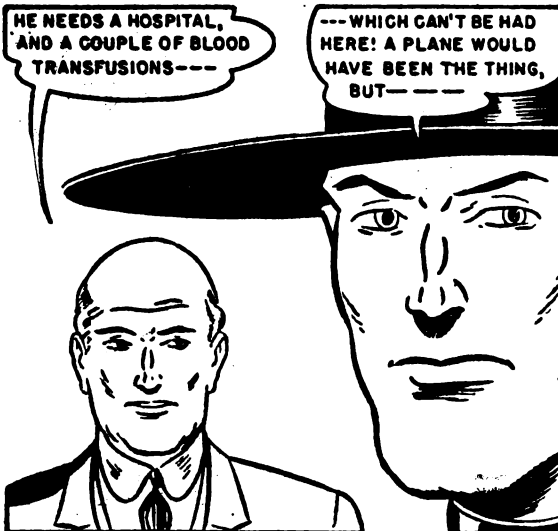
REDCOAT SHOW PAPER TO GIRL, THEN PUT IN HIS POCKET! I GO TELL PIPE!

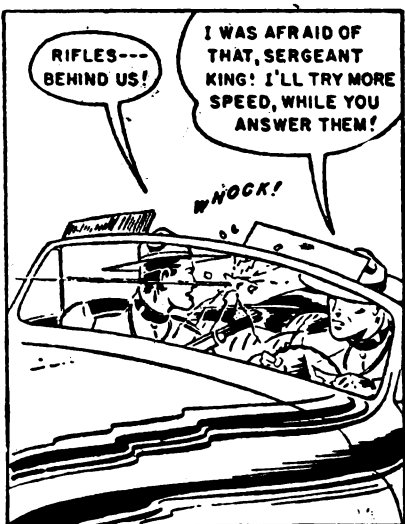
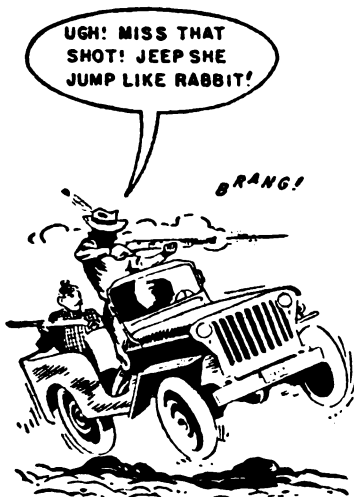
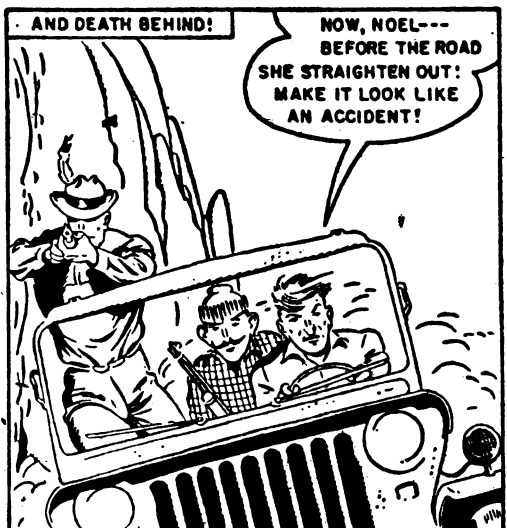
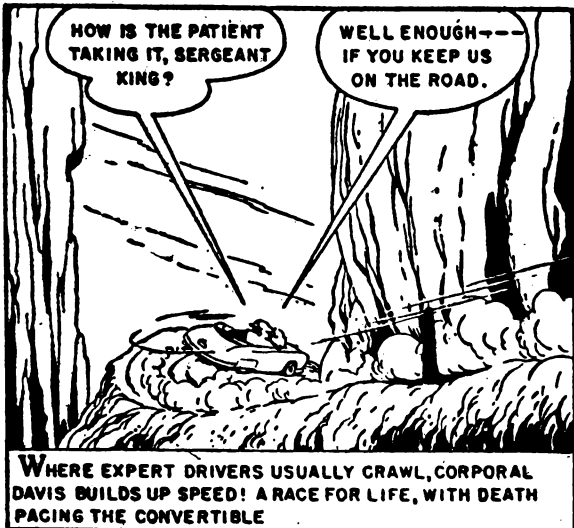
AFTER ONE LAST LOOK, A SKULKING FIGURE LEAVES THE WINDOW

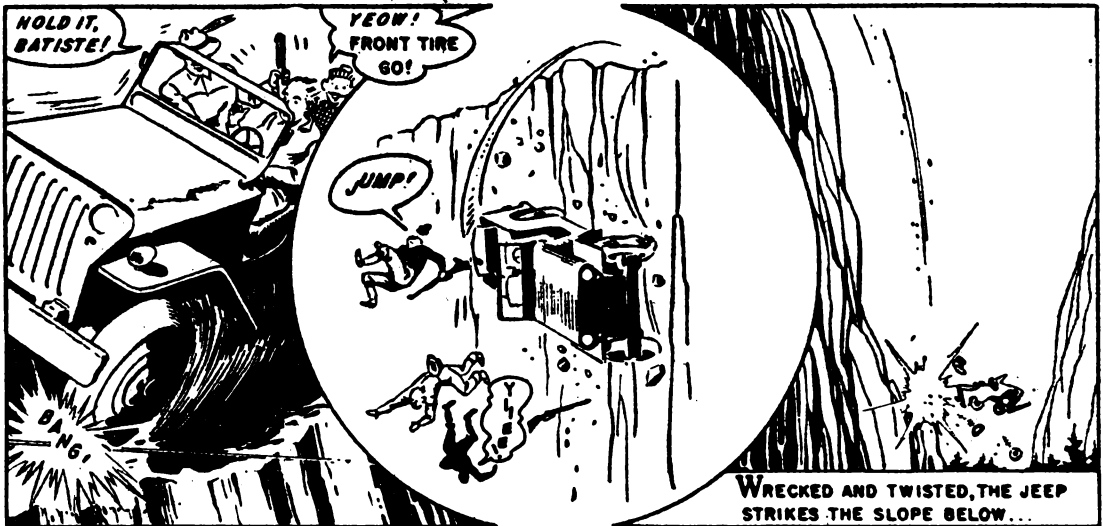
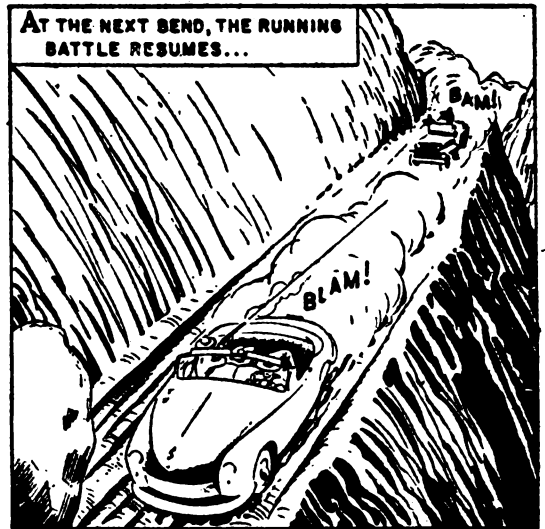
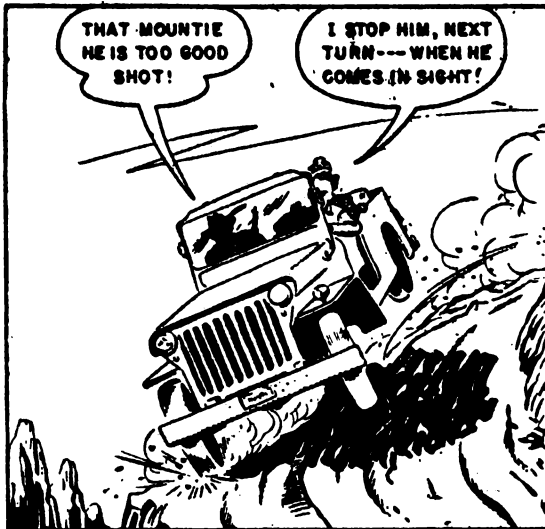
MINUTES LATER THE HALF-BREED EAVESDROPPER KNOCKS AT A LOG CABIN, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SETTLEMENT

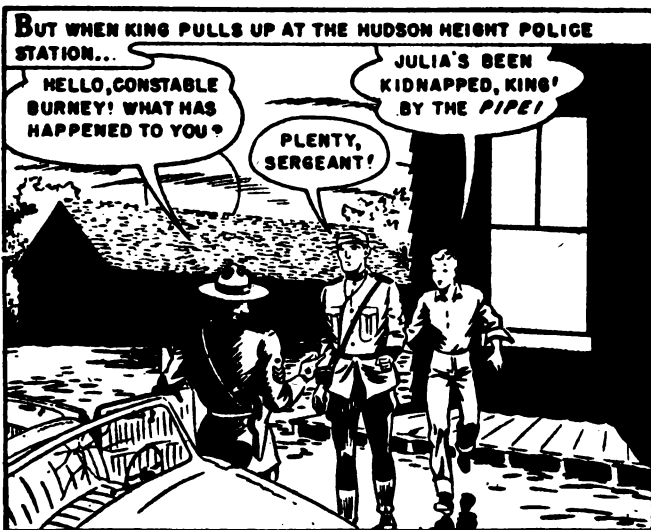
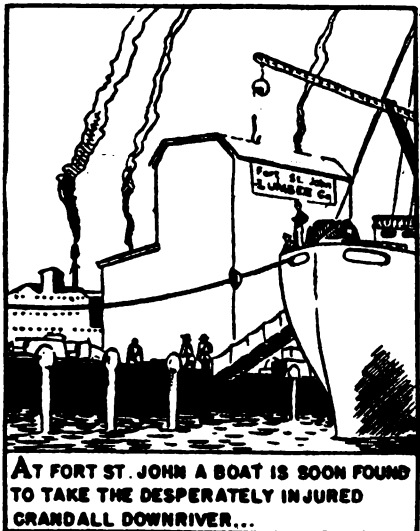


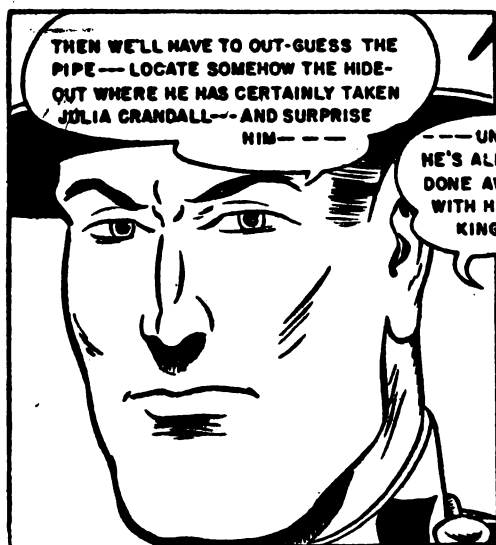
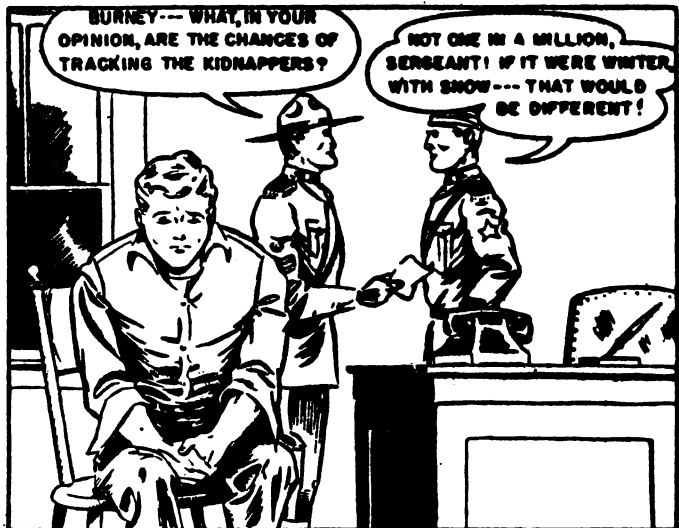
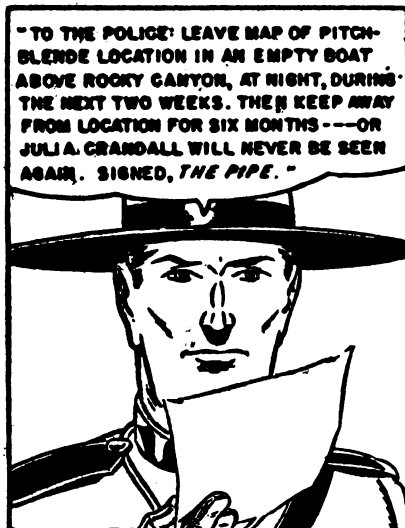
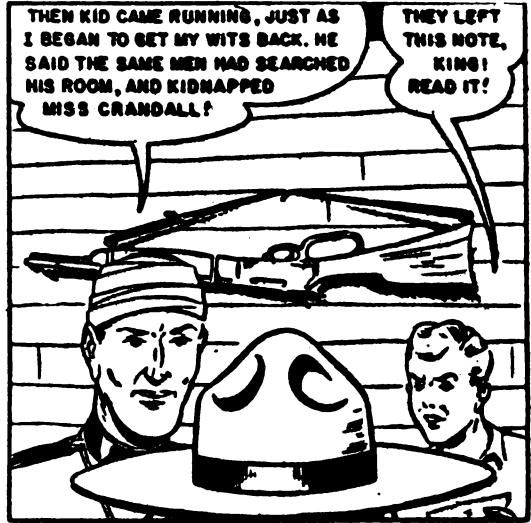
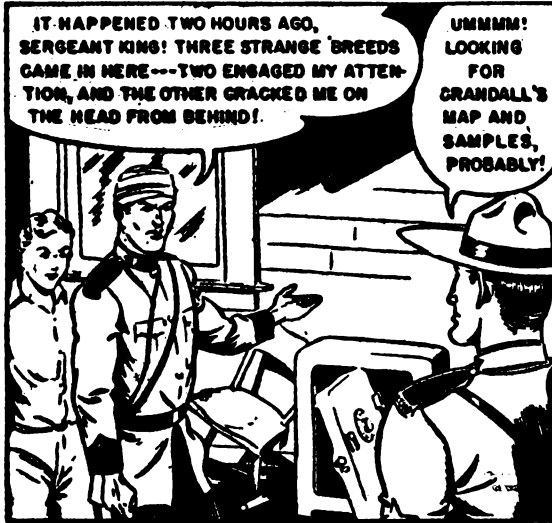


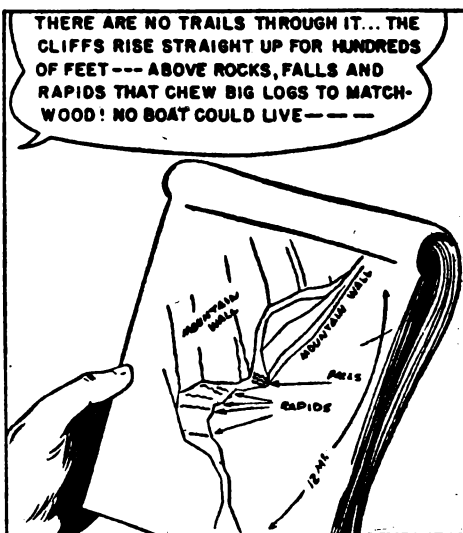
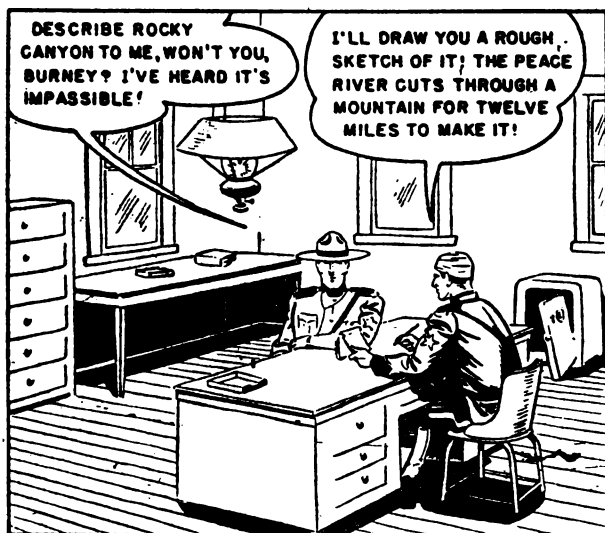






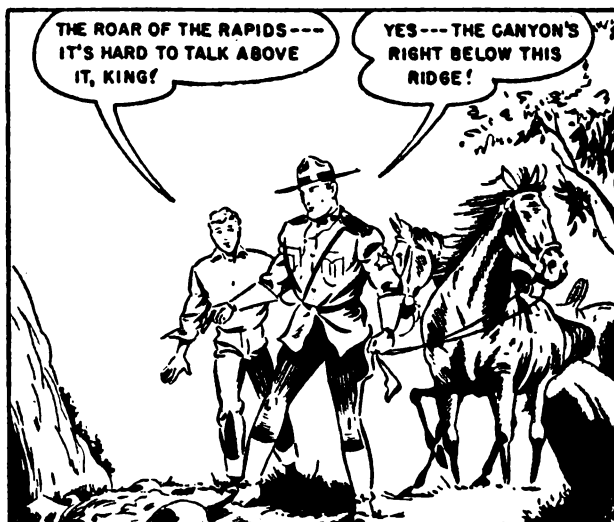
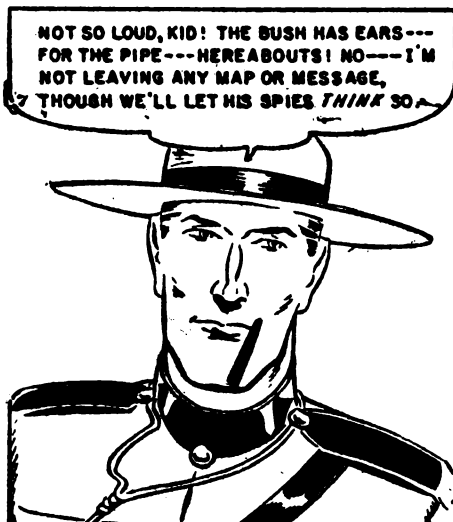
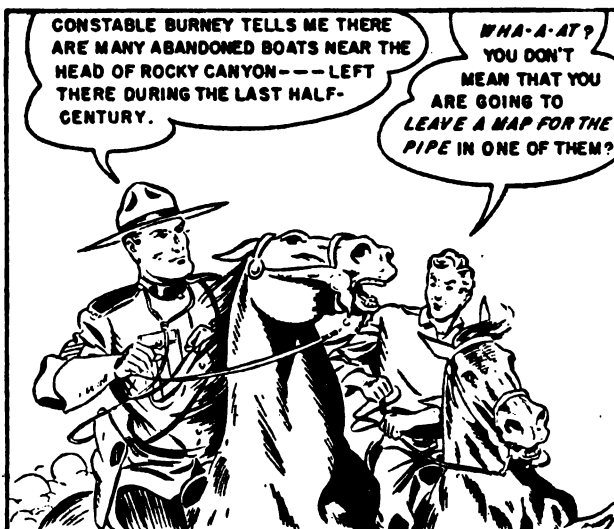




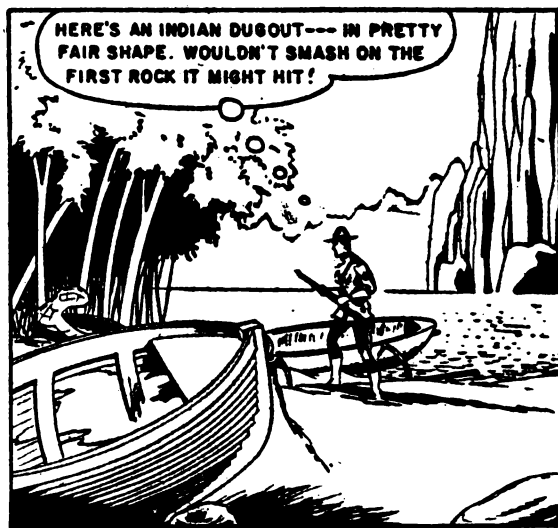
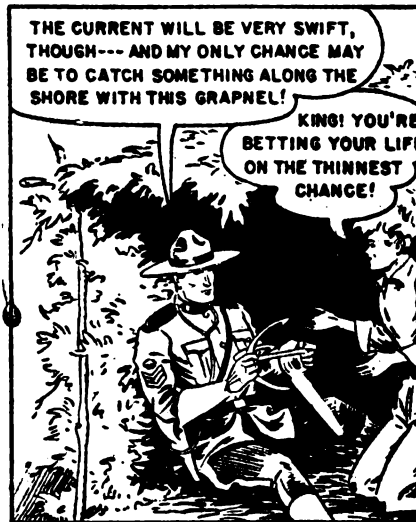
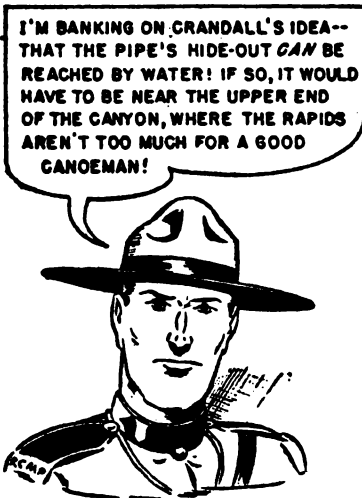
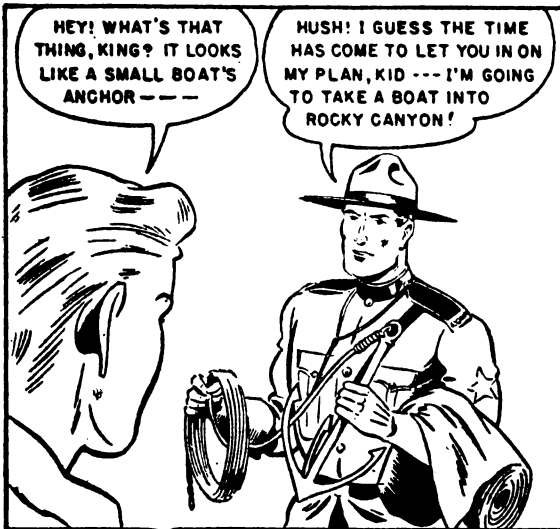


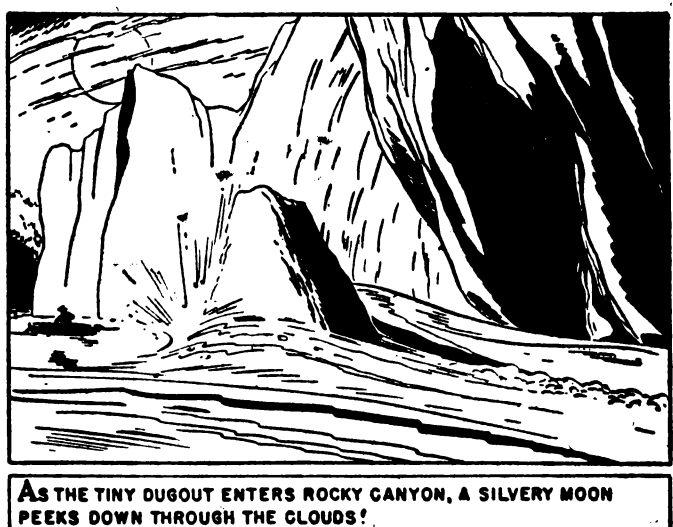
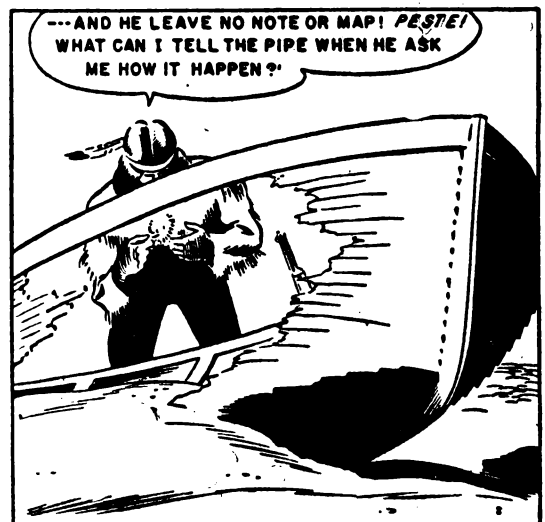


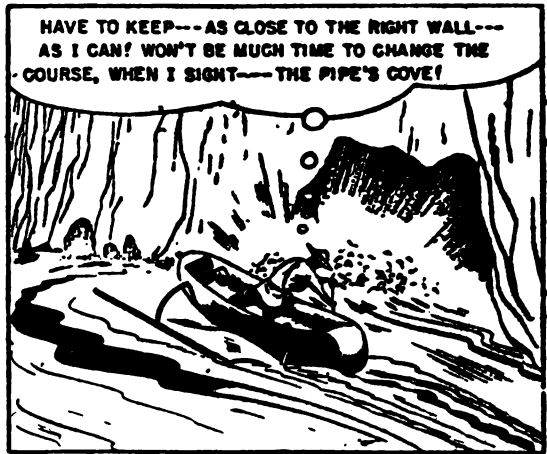
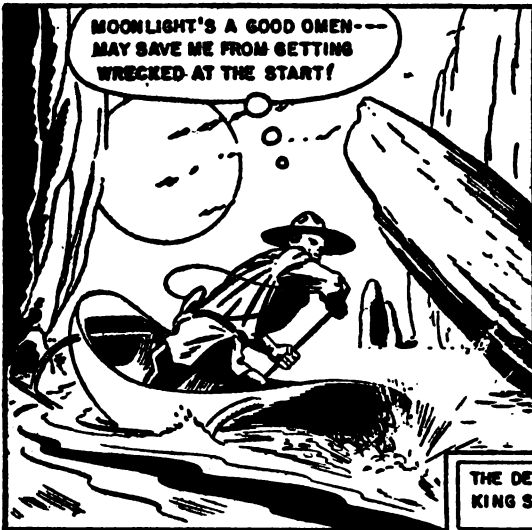
NEXT MORNING, ON HIRED HORSES, KID AND SERGEANT KING START UP RIVER...WATCHED BY THE PIPE'S SPIES!



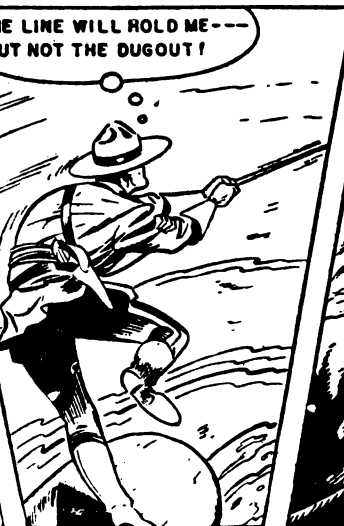
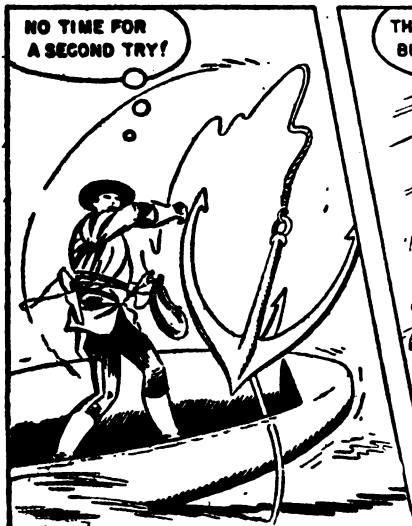
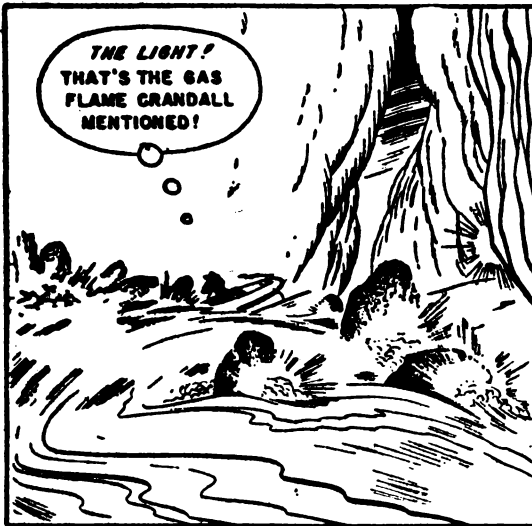


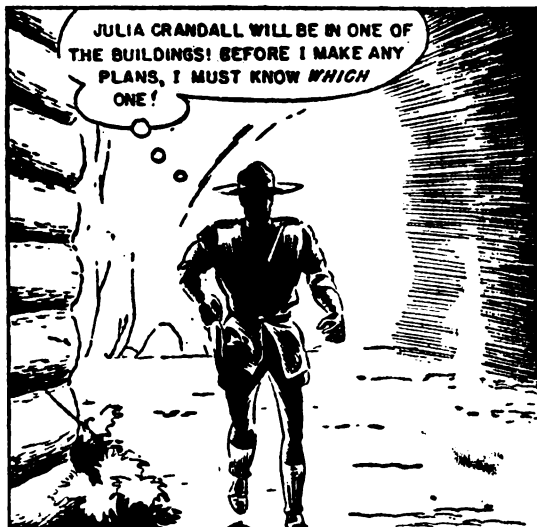




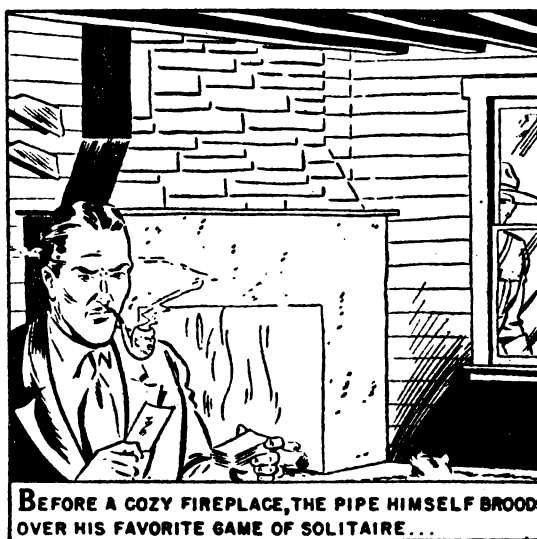


THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THE RIVER ALMOST NUMBS THE BRAIN!
KING STRUGGLES TO KEEP HIS THOUGHTS STRAIGHT...

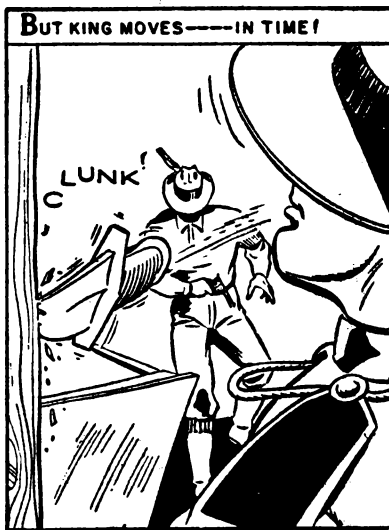




KING'S QUICK GLANCE ABOUT THE ROOM SHOWS ONLY TWO OCCUPANTS...



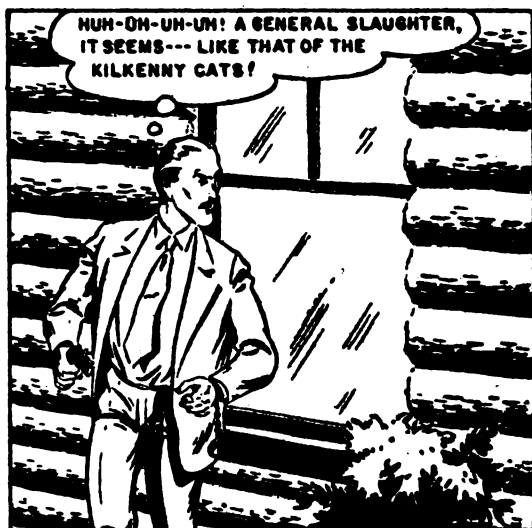


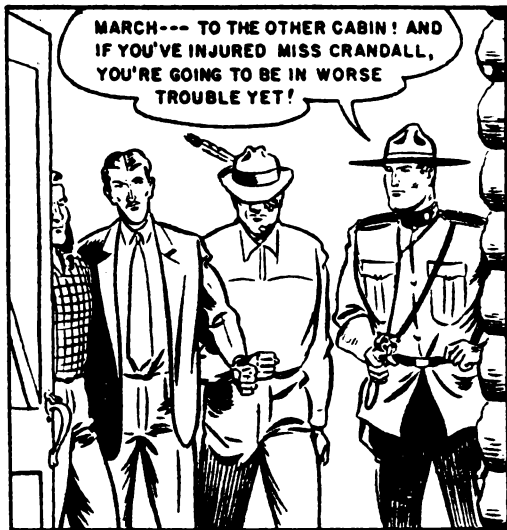


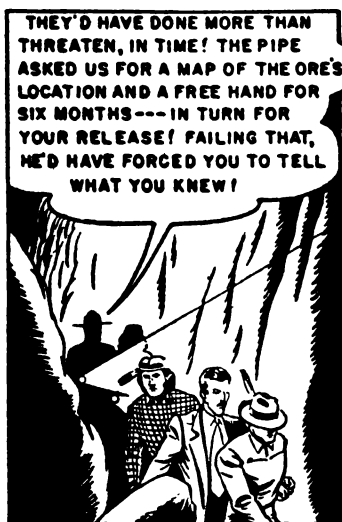


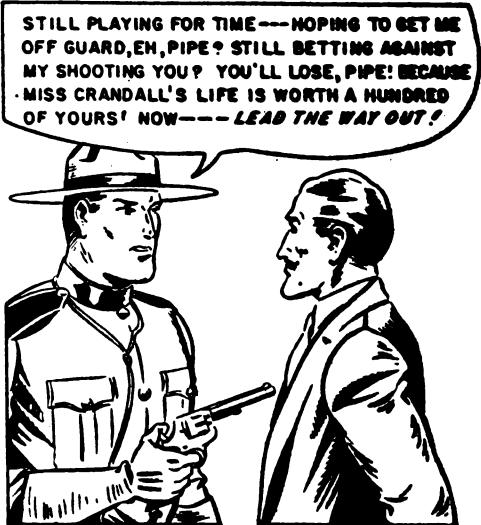
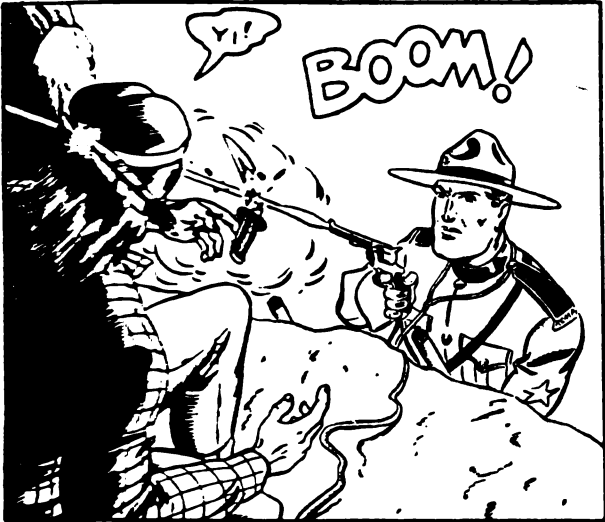
LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE SMALL HAND OF THE PIPE SLIPS THROUGH ONE STEEL "BRACELET"-----





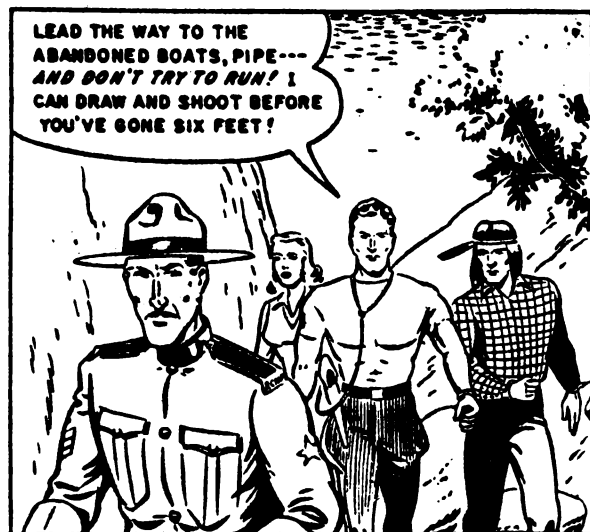








SLOWLY, A PIVOTED STONE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, LETTING IN A BREATH OF OUTER AIR, AND FAINT DAWNLIGHT. . .



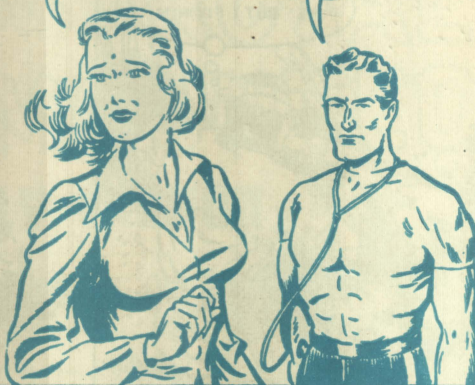


BUT THE PIPE HAS MADE HIS CHOICE. AND NOW THERE IS NO TURNING BACK--- FROM THE MAELSTROM OF ROCKY CANYON!



KING---DO YOU THINK HE HAS A CHANCE---TO LAND AT HIS HIDE-OUT?

WITHOUT A GRAPNEL TO CATCH THE ROCKS? NO, NOT A CHANCE IN THE WORLD!



JULIA! KING! WHOOPEE! YOU'RE REALLY BACK SAFE!

--- AND SOUND!



I STILL CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF, KID--- THAT THE LAST FEW HOURS HAVE BEEN REAL!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE BUSH-WHACKER I DOWNED.



MY BULLET ONLY GRAZED HIS HEAD, THANK GOODNESS! I'VE STILL GOT THREE PRISONERS TO TURN IN--- AND AS FOR THE PIPE, I'M SATISFIED TO WRITE OFF HIS CASE AS CLOSED!

